

Ye Old English Scribe On French Dinner Et Al

Did you ever hear of Secretary Mott-Smith's predicament when he found himself at a French dinner and was very shaky on his knowledge of ye language? Ye scribe was talking to some one during ye week who happened to be there and heard ye story.

Everything has two sides. Ye scribe's friend has one version of ye story, and "Motty" has ye other. In order that there shall be no chance of ye scribe running into a libel suit, he now prints both versions without any malice aforethought or afterthought.

Herewith please find ye version of ye great and noble Secretary of ye Territory, Mott-Smith. Ye scribe was in his office one time when he told it as follows: "I had a curious experience once," he opened up, and ye scribe pricked up his ears, for when his friend "Motty" opens up in this way there is like to be something doing. "I met a French Admiral during his stay in port, and while I was holding down ye lid which ye Governor had inadvertently left open for journeying to one of ye other islands, I treated ye old sport in right royal manner, and naturally he had to come through with an invitation to a French dinner on board his good ship.

"I accepted before I thought what I was doing, and only after did I remember that peradventure I would have to make a speech in his language. During ye next three days I left orders with genial Secretary Med-

cuff that on no account was any one to be admitted, and in fact I barricaded myself in ye Governor's private room with ye French dictionary. At ye end of that period I had compiled a speech which I pride myself would take a lot of beating. Armed with this I retired to my beach house and learnt it off by heart, practicing on ye myriads of mosquitoes that are wont to fly about ye beach during ye cool of ye evening. By ye time I had learnt it off most of them were buzzing in French instead of Hawaiian.

"At last ye night of ye dinner came around, and I went on board and was shown to ye seat of honor next to my friend ye Admiral. Every time ye others laughed too, for I could not follow just exactly what they were saying. At ye end of ye twenty-fifth course my friend ye Admiral rose on his hind legs and made ye beautiful speech. Then, bowing low, he turned to me and intimated that I should do ye same.

"I rose and started. You should have seen those French guys. They were more astonished than I was. I had ye old Admiral stumped, though, for he could not answer me in English as he would have liked. Suddenly I saw him confer with a friend of his who spoke English, and in a few minutes more he got up and made me a speech in English, having managed to memorize a few sentences. That was one of my funniest experiences."

Here, without any comment at all, is ye story of ye scribe's friend. He had read ye foregoing, and when he finished it he grunted "Humph!" "Well," inquired ye scribe, "is it ye correct dope?" "Part of it is," he replied. "Motty went to ye dinner, all right, and also he made ye speech; likewise were ye Frenchmen more astonished than Motty."

"I was there myself," he supplemented, "and heard ye whole thing. Motty stood up and made a fine start, but then something in his thinking apparatus went wrong. He forgot what ye word in French for was that meant dinner, and he made his first break. 'C'est un beau coup'—and then he stuck. What he should have ended with was, of course, 'dinner,' but he could not think of it, and so he stuck in 'dinner' instead. And so it went on, until at last the Frenchmen didn't know what he was talking about. Toward the end they could only catch a word here and there, but as Motty kept on smiling all the time they kept on laughing, and poor old Motty thought that he was making a great hit."

"Next time he wants to prepare any French speeches he had better come along to me. My great uncle went for a Cook's tour through France one time, and I guess I know just about as much French as Motty."

♦ ♦ ♦

Park Dolours.

Gone are ye days of splendor, when ye great wall was around ye Capitol grounds—when if one of ye common serfs dared so much as to put his nose through ye crack he was killed offhand. Now ye flossam and jetsam of Honolulu are wont to gather there.

Some of ye folks who are to be seen now are regular habitués, or "dossers," as ye scribe's Australian friend likes to call them. It means just a grade higher than bums and sounds a nicer word, for some of ye park folk are not quite bums. Many of them are right along opposite lines.

Among ye latter are some old gentlemen who love to sit on one of ye benches and talk from early in ye morning until lunch time. They all have seen things here when they were more strenuous than they are at ye present time, and most of them have white bushy whiskers. They have a little club of their own there. There are no bylaws or regulations called

or needed. Occasionally they have wrangles, but not often. There used to be quite a number of them at one time, but now they have fallen off until there are only a few.

And the matters that come up for discussion before them! Nothing is too great and nothing too trivial. They discuss the political affairs of ye nation, and take just as much interest in them as though each one of them was ye President. And then the little things they get down to! They will discuss anything and everything.

When they have a particularly interesting subject on hand they take it in turns to sit on the bench. Usually three of them are on their feet talking at once, while the others group around the bench and act as the audience.

There are others, however, who visit the park, and of late it has become quite noticeable that there are a number of real bums getting around. Some of them come up there to sleep off the effects of a drunk down town, while others are just naturally lazy and would rather lie about and sleep all day than work.

Still it will be a great pity if they are allowed to drive ye women and children out of the park. Ye scribe used to see a lot of children running about there in the afternoons, while their nurses sat around and made eyes at ye policeman on ye beat. Now they have moved elsewhere and the policeman has gone with them, while the heterogeneous crowd has taken possession.

♦ ♦ ♦

Getting a Paragraph.

Ye scribe's Australian friend told him a good story last week, and he gives it as follows, in ye Australian's own language:

"I never read ye report of a big 'mission' or religious revival," he said, "without a glad recollection of a night when a hard-chivied reporter rose in a big hall in Sydney and rammed anathema down the throat of a boss missionary. The Shifter (which name will fit him as well as another) had to report a 'gathering.' But the Shifter went to get vaccinated first, or something like that, and only reached the hall as the meeting was breaking up. Adopting the usual course, he asked the head man of the show, who leaned down from the stage to hear the request, for a paragraph."

"And what paper do you represent?" said the boss, with a look that a horse wears when it is going to kick like the end girl of a music hall show.

"The Morning Telegraph," was the reply.

"Straightening himself and raising his hands to stay ye remainder of ye audience, ye gaunt missionary cried: 'Here is a young man representing ye Morning Telegraph, who comes here at this time of night, after ye great

THIS
DOOR
\$5

Just
One
of
Dozens
of
Frost
Doors
We
Carry



BUY
DIRECT!
We
Guarantee
Our
Goods

Prompt
Ship-
ment
Ever
where

BUILDING MATERIAL

By sending your order here, only get the best goods at the best prices, but Quick Delivery, Money-Back Guarantee, Send for our Complete Catalogue today.

P. A. ROVIG CO.
1010 WESTERN AVE. SEATTLE, WASH.

gathering we have had, and asks for a paragraph. A paragraph! Incidentally he is asking me to do his work. But, friends, I can tell him that I will NOT. That, sir," he continued, looking down towards the Shifter, "is all I have to say to you."

"Then the Shifter pulled himself up from ye press table with battle blood in his eye, and remarked in a loud, decisive voice: 'And all I have to say to you, sir, is that you can go to h—!'"

♦ ♦ ♦

Tagging Ye Babies.

It is wonderful what difference of opinion seems to exist as to babies. Some people will tell you that they are the greatest blessings that ever happened, while others have no time for them at all. Ye scribe likes good babies, but does not play up on the bad ones.

At the same time he would respectfully like to suggest that, in consideration of others like himself, all babies should be tagged. Not only himself but several friends of his acquaintance, have been brought into serious trouble through the omission of this very necessary matter.

Ye average man goes into ye parlor, and we fond mother trots out ye baby and puts him through his paces. Now comes ye hard time for ye young man. He does not know whether to call ye baby he or she, and generally falls back upon ye good old expedient of christening ye small mortal "it."

Some times this will pass muster, but at others ye fond mother—and especially if ye baby is her first—is like to get angry and call ye young man names.



PIONEER MILK

This pure, evaporated Milk is the most satisfactory in every way for kitchen and table use. It keeps indefinitely.

It is full of nutrition and butter fat and digestive qualities.

**ASK YOUR GROCER
FOR IT.**

What is he to do? Ye babies are all dressed in long clothes. They all wear hair short, have no teeth and pug noses. How can any ordinary man be expected to tell whether they are boys or girls? When they are grown up, even if they were dressed the same, ye girls would do all the talking, and so they might be distinguished, but otherwise there would be no means of finding out. Talking is a habit ye girls seem to acquire later and one which ye small babies have not.

Think how easy it would be if ye mothers would only have a small tin—gold or silver could be used if so required—fastened through ye ear of ye small darling, so that ye young man could read upon it: "Boy; Teddy; three months; best in the world"; and something similar in the case of a girl. It would fix the whole matter.

Babies should not be allowed to eat sticky stuff before being handed over to the visitor. This would be much appreciated, but it always seems

to be too much of a temptation for ye young mother, and she succumbs to it. It is ye tag question, however, that ye scribe would like to see taken up, and he hopes that ye civic federation will bring up ye matter at its next meeting.

Chinese sailors ashore drink little or not at all, say officers of the cruiser Hat Chi, and the conduct of the men when in New York city bore out the assertion.

Newsboys' Christmas Contest

Every boy wants something for the holidays, and the Evening Bulletin always has good things for the boys who are wide awake and ready to work.

Five Major Prizes

And a NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES for every boy who comes near to the leaders.

First—Round Trip to the Volcano or its equivalent in cash

Second—Gold Watch or its equivalent in cash

Third—Silver Watch or its equivalent in cash

Fourth—Twenty-Five Dollar Dry Goods Order

Fifth—Twenty-Five Dollar Grocery Order

That last savor of the Christmas dinner, and that is certain to be popular with the boys

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

The prizes will be awarded two days before Christmas to the Bulletin Newsboys making the best record as news sellers.

It is also provided that the boys may improve their standing by getting new subscribers. Provision will be made for readers to give a ballot that will help their Bulletin newsboy. Each paper sold will entitle the newsboy to Five Bulletin Ballots.

Each subscriber to the Evening Bulletin will be entitled to One Hundred and Fifty Bulletin Ballots for each month's subscription to the daily paid in advance, after the contest opens. These ballots may be given to your favorite newsboy. And this also admits of the Bulletin Carrier Boys being included in the race.

Each new yearly subscriber to the daily Evening Bulletin will entitle the Newsboy turning in the subscription to Two Thousand Bulletin Ballots.

Each new yearly subscriber of the Weekly Edition of the Evening Bulletin entitles the Newsboy turning it in to 100 Bulletin Ballots.



WHO CAN ENTER

Any newsboy who enters his name on the Bulletin news boy list for the annual Thanksgiving dinner is eligible. It is also possible for the Bulletin Carrier Boys to figure in the contest.

THE PURPOSE

Is just to give the Bulletin Newsboys something new and interesting for Christmas, and something that will make the Christmas of 1911 an especially happy one for them, as it ought to be for all Honolulu at the close of this year of prosperity.

THE TIME

This contest will open on Monday, October 9, and close Friday evening December 22, at eight o'clock. Christmas falls on Monday this year. This will give the successful ones all day Saturday in which to fill their orders, or spend their Christmas money if they wish to take the money equivalent, and get ready for a rare and royally merry Christmas.

These are the major prizes. There will be Clothes and Shoes for others of the boys who are workers.